

RUSHER AND LEVELER
cuts, lifts, pulverizes, turns
and wrought iron—therefore
riding harrow and best pul-
verizer 13½ feet. Catalogue free.
Expense if not Entirely Satisfactory.
K. Minneapolis, San Francisco and other ports.
NOTON, N. J., or CHICAGO, ILL.
THIS PAPER.

D POTATOES & EARLY SEEDS
EARLIEST & BEST *

J. BERRARD CO. CARIBOU, ME.

MACOMBER, FARR & WHITTEN,
Insurance Agents, Augusta, Me.

Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ltd., of
London, Incorporated in 1861. Commenced
business in U. S. in 1866.

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

Real Estate owned by the com-
pany, unencumbered 888,148 69
Loans on bond and mortgage
(first and second) 265,500 09
Stocks and bonds owned by the
company, market value 1,737,615 09
Cash in the bank and principal
office and in bank 461,271 04
Interest due and accrued 30,443 18
Premium in due course of col-
lection 387,604 14
Other assets 12,241 64

Aggregate of all the admitted
assets of the company at their
actual value \$3,772,793 69

LIABILITIES, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

No amount of unpaid losses
and claims 228,783 75
Amount remaining to rein-
sure all outstanding risks 1,814,306 19

All other demands against the
company, viz., commissions,
etc. 148,828 24

Total amount of liabilities, ex-
cept capital stock and net sur-
plus 2,191,917 18

Surplus beyond capital 1,880,876 61

Aggregate amount of liabilities,
including net surplus \$3,772,793 69

MACOMBER, FARR & WHITTEN, Agents,
Augusta, Maine.

Statement United States Branch Royal Insur-
ance Company, Liverpool, Eng.

ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1898.

Real Estate owned by the com-
pany, unencumbered \$21,423,090 05

Loans on bonds and mortgages 256,000 00

Stocks and bonds owned by the
company, market value 3,810,726 33

Cash in the bank and principal
office and in bank 265,799 87

Interest due and accrued 45,498 32

Premium in due course of col-
lection 353,562 41

Other property 13,081 79

Aggregate of all the admitted
assets of the company at their
actual value \$7,069,748 77

LIABILITIES, Dec. 31, 1898.

No amount of unpaid losses
and claims 520,778 97

Amount required to safely re-
cover all outstanding risks 4,043,585 05

All other demands against the
company, viz., commissions, etc. 191,258 22

Total amount of liabilities, ex-
cept capital stock and net sur-
plus 4,655,622 24

Surplus beyond capital 2,314,126 63

Aggregate amount of liabilities,
including net surplus \$7,069,748 77

MACOMBER, FARR & WHITTEN, Agents,
Augusta, Maine.

Eina Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

Assets, December 31, 1898.

Real Estate owned by the com-
pany, unencumbered \$25,000 00

Stocks and bonds owned by the
company, market value 35,600 00

Cash in the company's principal
office and in bank 10,924,302 30

Loans secured by policies of
the company 3,600 00

Cash in the company's principal
office and in bank 792,451 24

Interest due and accrued 1,410 45

Premiums in due course of col-
lection 645,167 46

Aggregate of all the admitted
assets of the company at their
actual value \$12,627,621 45

LIABILITIES, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

No amount of unpaid losses and
claims \$448,985 77

Amount required to safely re-
cover all outstanding risks 3,260,284 05

All other demands against the
company, viz., commissions, etc. 169,504 88

Total amount of liabilities, ex-
cept capital stock and net sur-
plus 3,818,774 70

Capital actually paid up in cash 4,000,000 00

Surplus beyond capital 4,808,846 75

Aggregate amount of liabilities,
including net surplus \$7,069,748 77

MACOMBER, FARR & WHITTEN, Agents,
Augusta, Maine.

Connecticut Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford,
Conn., Incorporated in 1850. Commenced
business in 1851. President, W. H. Campbell;
Secretary, Charles K. Burt. Capital Paid
Up in Cash \$1,000,000.

ASSETS, December 31, 1898.

Real Estate owned by the com-
pany, unencumbered \$22,900 00

Stocks and bonds owned by the
company, market value 1,079,590 00

Cash in the company's principal
office and in bank 215,001 03

Interest due and accrued 158,011 24

Aggregate of all the admitted
assets of the company at their
actual value \$5,702,300 27

LIABILITIES, DECEMBER 31, 1898.

No amount of unpaid losses and
claims 139,191 45

Amount required to safely re-
cover all outstanding risks 1,405,563 82

Total amount of liabilities, ex-
cept capital stock and net sur-
plus 1,659,753 97

Capital actually paid up in cash 3,000,000 00

Surplus beyond capital 1,112,546 30

Aggregate amount of liabilities,
including net surplus \$5,702,300 27

MACOMBER, FARR & WHITTEN, Agents,
Augusta, Maine.

State of Maine Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford,
Conn., Incorporated in 1850. Commenced
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Secretary, Charles K. Burt. Capital Paid
Up in Cash \$1,000,000.

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No amount of unpaid losses and
claims 1

SHEEPFOLD.

TAKE CARE OF THE BREEDING EWES.

We are anxious that every reader who is engaged in sheep growing should make a success of it this year and thus be encouraged to continue in the business, which for ten years past, through all the ups and downs, has been the best business on the farm adapted to it and with a farmer who knew how to manage it. *Wallace's Farmer* says they are most likely to fail the coming year by not having their breeding ewes in proper condition at lambing time. We take it for granted that every farmer knows enough to furnish his sheep with proper shelter. If he will only keep them out of the rain and out of blizzards they will go through in nice shape. They suffer less from cold than any other animal and more from wet and mud. The ewes are most likely to get out of proper condition by being improperly fed. Most farmers think timothy hay is best because it commands the highest price in the market. It is not the best for sheep; in fact, very nearly the worst, for the reason that it is constipating in its character. It does not have the proper elements for the proper development of the young lamb. In short, it is too carbonaceous to furnish the proper amount of muscle. Corn is too heating, and most farmers give their ewes too much of it to the injury both of the ewe and the lamb. The forge above all things to be desired is good clover or alfalfa hay, and if the farmer has plenty of this his ewe will remain comparatively little grain. He can feed corn somewhat liberally in cold weather provided he has the hay to feed with it, and bring the flock up to the critical period of lambing in fine condition. When he feeds corn fodder, the ground being dry, he can very well afford to feed it some distance from the sheds, and thus compel the ewes to take exercise. Plenty of water should always be on hand, with salt, and if these conditions are observed and the ewes not allowed to run through narrow gates so as to endanger abortion, there is no reason why he should not have from 100 to 125 per cent of lambs, and with this per cent he cannot fail to make money. He should have a lamb, which at a year old is worth \$4 and at least \$1 worth of wool. He should keep three ewes to the acre and that will afford him a better profit than he is likely to get from any other department of the farm and with less trouble.

THE CAUSES OF WEAK LAMBS.

There are three main causes for weakness and lack of vigor in young lambs, says the *Farmer's Tribune*. The first is lack of vigor in the sire; the second is a failure to keep up the health, vital energies and strength of the ewes during their pregnant state; and the third is the effect of influence that sometimes prevail among sheep during the fall and winter. Even a naturally strong ram will, if turned into a flock of ewes in the fall and let run, without care or grain, become so weak as to fail to impart vigor to his lambs. The feeding of ewes upon very poor food during the forepart of the winter, and suddenly changing to a better food a short time before lambing time, will produce many weak lambs. It is noticeable that whenever an examination of influenza has prevailed among horses or sheep, a large per cent of the colts and lambs born the next spring are either stillborn or very weak, and many of them die. In fact, it is not an uncommon thing to see the young things manifest symptoms of the disease that the mother had weeks before.

DOUBLING OUR FLOCKS.

The fact that the United Kingdom has one sheep for every person is often held before us with the suggestion that this country can double its flocks and have none too many. There is a heap of nonsense in such talk. With our present numbers of sheep mutton prices are not so far above the cost of production as to warrant a 25 per cent increase in supplies, let alone doubling them. With twice as many sheep as we now have the mutton industry would be unprofitable. The conditions which exist in Great Britain do not prevail here. Our people consume much less mutton per capita than the English, and always will, with the abundance of pork, beef and poultry that can be had at reasonable prices. It may be profitable for our producers to increase their flocks, but this can be overdone just as every other branch of stock raising can be—and has been—overdone.—*National Stockman*.

FRUIT NOTES.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Executive Committee of the American Pomological Society take pleasure in announcing their acceptance of the invitation of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society to hold their twenty-sixth biennial session with that organization in Philadelphia, on September 7 and 8, 1899.

The sessions will be held in the beautiful and spacious hall of the Pennsylvania Society, which has been tendered for the purpose. Space for exhibits entered in competition for the Wilder medals, to be awarded by the society for fruits of special merit, will also be provided.

Much interest in the coming session has been manifested among horticulturists throughout the country and it is expected that the attendance will be large and representative of our fruit growing interests.

HOOD'S PILLS.

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. A vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25¢ at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

REV. DR. TALMAGE CURED.

The Most Eminent Preacher in the World Recommends Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Dr. Talmage Finds Help in the Use of Dr. Greene's Nervura and Advises the Weak, Sick and Suffering to Use It and Be Cured.

The greatest living divine, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, recommends the people to the wonderful remedy by which he found help, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, undoubtedly the greatest health restorer and strength giver the world has ever known. At this season of the year, when every need arises for spring medicine, Dr. Talmage's strong recommendation to take this best of all blood and nerve tonics and restoratives, Dr. Greene's Nervura, will undoubtedly influence and encourage the wide-spread use of this grand remedy, which is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and of marvelous curative powers, among the people everywhere.

No other preacher is so widely known, no other clergyman is so distinguished throughout the world.

When such a man, a recognized leader and teacher of the people, testifies by his written testimonial that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has helped him and that he recommends its use for invigoration after overwork, to restore the strength, energy, nerve force and vitality of the system, when for any reason they are lost, weakened or impaired, those who are weak, nervous, without strength, energy and ambition, who are discouraged and disheartened by repeated failures to be cured, in fact, all who have need of a strength-giving and health-restoring medicine, can take renewed hope from the words that grace the Dr. Greene's Nervura is the one remedy among all others to give them back the health and strength they have lost.

Rev. Dr. Talmage says: "I commend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for invigoration after overwork. I have used the Nervura 1400 Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C."

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the physician's prescription, and strength-giving medicine, and consult Dr. Greene, if you desire, which you can do without charge, either personally at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., or by writing him in regard to your case.

Ten State horticultural societies have already notified the Executive Committee of the selection of delegates to represent them at the meeting, and a number of others are expected to do so. Questions of special importance to fruit growers will be discussed and a varied and interesting programme is in preparation.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN NOTES.

Spraying Trees. Spray all fruit trees with Bordeaux mixture before the leaves appear; whether blight is feared or not it should be done as a preventive feature.

For the Maine Farmer.

JAPANESE MILLET.

I have watched for the past few years the work of the experiment station with Japanese Millet, and the results were so satisfactory that I sent and bought a pound of seed of Brick at the cost of fifty cents, and sowed part of it in drills and the rest broadcast. The results were highly satisfactory. I got a crop which was superior every way to fodder corn. It grew 7 or 8 feet high, sowed in June. The stocks were readily eaten by cows, cleaner than they ate corn cut in milk. I let part of it grow till the seeds would rattle out comfortably, but they still ate it up clean. I sowed over 100 pounds of seed, which I tested and find it germinates well. I can spare some of the seed at 10 cents a pound, or 18 cents by mail; 8 or 10 pounds is enough for an acre.

The seeds in the green stage are superior to corn as they are richer in protein; the same is true of the stocks.

The manuring given the small fruits to keep them thrifty and productive will not be too much for the best growth of the trees, and will not make too rank a growth of wood, as might be the case if root crops were put in and heavily manured, while the plants will not rob the tree roots of moisture or keep the ground between the rows too much shaded and too cool, as would a grain crop.

A number of good crops of these berries could be taken before it would be necessary to remove them, or before the trees would get in bearing and occupy the whole land. In fact, we have seen them after the trees were quite large, and when a part of them were much shaded by the trees, and the owner liked it because, as he said, it prolonged the season of bearing for the small fruits, those in the shade being made nearly two weeks later by their position. They were kept well manured, enough being put on for them and for the trees, and the grass and weeds were kept down.—*American Cultivator*.

SEED POTATOES.

Alva Ageo, writing in the *National Stockman*, says:

"The potato sends out the strongest sprouts when it is exposed to the light.

The tuber that is taken directly out of a dark cellar and planted deep in a compact soil does not make as strong plants as one that has been exposed to the light till the buds start or else is covered lightly with soil at planting time.

Those that practice planting in June are learning that the best plan is to spread the seed thinly in the light, when the buds make a short, stubby growth, and then remain in that condition for weeks till planting time. In case of early planting it is practicable to plant in deep furrows and cover lightly, so that the sprouts will start strong, and then fill in the furrows with weeds or harrow as the plants make growth. In well-drained soils this method of planting gives good results, if the nature of the soil will permit deep planting at all."

This statement accords fully with the trials at the Ohio Experiment station.

These trials show that there is a decided increase in the crop of potatoes that the seed is exposed to the light for a week or ten days before planting. This without any other treatment. Of course it is desired to treat the seed for this purpose.

It is sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., has recently sold to L. A. Davis of East Portland, Me., a yearling Jersey bull by Merry Lord of H. F., and from Nannie of Hood Farm. The bull combines the richest of Combination and Tennessee blood, and is close up to Merry Maiden, the great World's Fair winner, and Landseer's Fancy, the richest cow the world has ever known. Mr. Davis should secure great results from the use of such a bull.

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World's Fair winner, and Landseer's Fancy, the richest cow the world has ever known. Mr. Davis should secure great results from the use of such a bull.

Mr. H. P. Todd of Lyndon, Me., writes: "I used Bowker's Potato Fertilizer this year for the first time with very gratifying results. I used 800 lbs. per acre on the poorest land I planted, and on that piece we raised 100 barrels of sorted and 30 barrels of factory potatoes. I think it one of the best fertilizers for the price in the market."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Easy to take, easy to operate. 25¢

THE LOST CHORD.

(Words as arranged for the music by Arthur Sullivan.)

Seated one day at the organ,
I was in a reverie at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I knew not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm;
And it lay on my fevered spirit
Like a soft and gentle balm;
It quelled pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life;
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace;
And trembled into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine;
With it came back the sound of the organ,
And entered into mine;
It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen;
It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Married.

In this city, Frank Weeks of Jefferson to Miss Laura Frost of Hallowell. In Bangor, March 14, Selden C. Wheeler to Miss Anna C. Brewster; C. H. Cotton of Brewer to Miss Jessie Price of Brewer.

In Bangor, March 7, Benjamin Rodick to Miss Lida Goodale.

In Belfast, March 2, Owen Emmons to Miss Anna C. Brewster; Robert S. Greenleaf to Miss Ida Hart.

In Bowdoinham, March 20, John Mealy to Miss Anna C. Brewster.

In Bridgton, March 18, Robert E. Downes to Miss Anna Jane Hillingsworth; March 18, Frank Weeks of Jefferson to Miss Laura Frost of Hallowell.

In Bangor, March 14, Selden C. Wheeler to Miss Jessie Price of Brewer.

In Bangor, March 15, Owen White to Mrs. Betsy Bell, both of Westfield; March 17, Leslie T. Wells to Miss Elsie M. Thompson in Litchfield.

In Cambridge, March 11, Ernest Packard to Miss Mamie Harrington, both of Franklin.

In Bridgton, March 18, John E. Downes to Miss Anna Jane Hillingsworth of Hallowell.

In Edgecomb, March 16, Jesse J. Baird to Miss Maud M. Greenleaf of Edgecomb.

In Farmington, March 15, Simon J. Luce to Miss Mattie B. Gordon, both of Farmington.

In Farmington, March 15, Ernest F. Merrill to Rosa B. Lane, both of Dover.

In Gardiner, March 19, Kendall Campbell of Franklin to Miss Sarah J. King of Gardiner.

In Gray, March 12, John Libby to Miss Anna C. Brewster.

In Harmony, March 18, Edwin Cooley to Miss Jessie Newmark; March 18, Edgar N. Cope to Miss Sarah J. King of Gardiner.

In Hallowell, March 15, Frank C. Brooks to Miss Anna M. Brewster, both of Hallowell.

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In Industry, March 12, George P. Greenleaf to Miss Jessie A. Oliver.

In Lewiston, March 22, both of Lewiston.

In Lincoln, March 15, Charles H. Denison to Miss Mary Stoltz, both of Lewiston.

In Lincoln, March 15, Ernest J. Clement to Miss Anna C. Brewster.

In Lincoln, March 15, Elmer Stiles to Miss Cristabel Brown.

In Monroe, March 14, W. L. Lampkin of Gorham to Miss Anna C. Brewster.

In North Bridgton, March 22, William Clement Bryant of North Bridgton to Miss Jessie A. Oliver.

In North Conway, N. H., March 5, Fred G. Garland of South Conway to Miss Jessie A. Garland.

In Norway, March 18, Howard A. Knightly to Edith L. Farnham.

In Somers, March 18, Fuller Smith to Miss Jessie A. Oliver.

In Springfield, March 15, Bert L. Palmer of St. Albans to Miss Ione Leathers of Palmyra.

In Waterville, March 6, Howard L. Varney to Miss Maud L. Green.

Died.

In this city, March 10, Miss Caroline D. Glover.

In Auburn, March 19, Mrs. Abbie J. wife of John C. Meritt, aged 85 years.

In Bangor, March 20, Eliza G. Moore, aged 55 years.

In Bangor, March 22, Ethel E. daughter of Mrs. Wm. C. May Sprague, aged 2 years.

In Bangor, March 23, Henry D. Parsons, aged 62 years; 8 months; 23, Julia T. wife of Wm. Parsons.

In Bethel, March 21, Mrs. George Ames in Biddeford.

In Biddeford, March 17, Mrs. Joanna H. Hinsdale.

In Blue Hill, March 13, Benjamin H. Howard, aged 73 years.

In Cushing, March 10, Sarah, wife of Charles Giles, aged 84 years, 3 months; 3 years.

**"Spring Unlocks
The Flowers
To Paint the Laughing Soil."**
And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood—The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong as well. Susie E. Brown, 16 Astor Hill, Boston.

Dyspepsia, etc.—A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite, dined at home. Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am now cured. N. B. SEELEY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism—My husband is obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results. Mrs. J. S. McMath, Stamford, Ct.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints**

Hood's Pills cure liver lues, the non-irritating and cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JAPAN PLUMS. Large stock. Best variety. Prices low. A. Sweet Nursery Co., Box 1966, Danville, N. Y.

CZAR.

Fall brother to HALEY, 18 hands high, bay, very handsome. Will breed him to a good mare at \$100 by season. Will warrant him to beat 2.30 and 3.00. He fails to go in 2.30 or 3.00. I will give them the service fee; but if he does the trick they must pay me \$25.00. Call at my farm and see him out. I have never broken this year. E. P. Hayes at owner's risk.

W. D. HALEY,
South Gardiner, Me.

Assessors' Notice.

To the Tax Payers of the City of Augusta:

You are hereby notified to bring in true and complete lists of your polls and estates, real and personal, not by law exempt, from tax assessors, to be made out on the 15th day of April, 1899, and as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee; also number of slaves, if any, and to be signed by the tax assessor and administering the oath authorized thereon by the undersigned Assessors of said city, to be filed with the tax assessor on or before each Saturday before or on the 6th day of May next, from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and in addition to the day of payment, and in any stormy day up to and including that date. Failing to bring in such lists will you therefor be liable to a fine of \$100.00 and to a fine of \$25.00 to the County Commissioners for payment of any taxes which may be assessed against you.

Assessors for returns may be had of us on application, or by calling at the office of the City Treasurer.

CHARLES B. BURLEIGH, Assessors
F. L. FARRINGTON, of
CHARLES W. JONES,
Augusta, Me.

FOR HATCHING—50 cents for 13 eggs. Prolific laying hens. White Plymouth Rocks. C. L. BARKER, East Wal-

salboro, Maine. 2123

WHITE WYANDOTTES and Black Lang-

shank stock and eggs; written, W. B. Hill, Pittsfield, N. H. 2123

THROUGHBRED BLACK MINORCA

White and Brown Leghorn. Stock cheap; eggs 75c. GEO. E. FILES, Thorndike. 5223

E.GGS FOR HATCHING—50 cents for 13 eggs. Prolific laying hens. White Plymouth Rocks. C. L. BARKER, East Wal-

salboro, Maine. 2123

LATEST NEWS! Key to "Everlasting Gos- pels." Every week. \$1.00 per copy. Address BOND PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Maine.

E.GGS FOR HATCHING, from pure bred B. L. H. White Plymouth Rock hens. L. L. Leghorn. My stock is from the best blood in the country, and I breed for eggs and market when they hatch. Will do my best on all orders. Price right. For wants. R. R. Sanford, Maine. 8212

FOR SALE—THOROUGHBRED Jersey bull, 3 years old, in excellent condition. \$100. Same last. Postis Sheld-
on, R. R. 47377, Belgrade, Cumberland. Price right. F. L. LIBBY, Gor-
ham, Me. 2122

FOR HATCHING—From pure-bred L. L. Barred and White Plymouth Rock hens. Light Brahma and Pekin Ducks, Prolific layers. 75c. per setting. Mrs. B. G. YOUNG, 100 Main St., Augusta. 2124

UFF PLYMOUTH ROCKS—The finest in Maine. Hens headed by a \$10 son of Boston winner. My birds are good, size, weight and tancy. Will do my best on all orders. Price right. CHAS. D. ROBERTS, Box 362, Dexter Me. 2212

E.GGS FOR HATCHING—Thoroughbred L. L. Barred and White Plymouth Rock hens. Light Brahma and Pekin Ducks, Prolific layers. 75c. per setting. Mrs. B. G. YOUNG, 100 Main St., Augusta. 2124

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WANTED—FAITHFUL, honest young man. Good wages. Farm and stock work. WILLIAM HARR, Hallowell, Me. 2121

FOR SALE TO LET—House, barn and stable, with 100 acres land, on the Bangor road, two miles north of Kennebec bridge. Very desirable location. Terms reasonable. WILLIAMSON & BURLEIGH

LINE FARM—three miles from town on Dyer Pond, Jefferson. Good building, large oak grove, plenty of wood, cuts 50 acres, 1000 ft. above sea level, suitable to suit purchaser. Address BERTHA F. HOLMES, 809, 191 Main St., Brunswick, Me. 4122

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Do you desire to secure hundreds of samples of agricultural journals, magazines, papers, books, catalogues and circulars of the various agricultural concerns? Machinery, and be kept posted upon improved seeds and stock, for two years or more? If so, send me your name and address, and we will insert the same in the American

Trade Register, which goes whirling all

over the world. Modern, 20 tins, 5 stalls, 2

horses, latest improved tools, land plan-

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Write to me for a copy of the Register.

W. E. PARTRIDGE, 100 Main St., Augusta, Me.

REG. CHESTER WHITES—se-
lected stock. Boar for service. \$1.00 per
head. \$1.00. Pigs after July 1st, N.
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THOROUGHBRED AND BEGELINER

ed. Tawny and Black. Prices

Holstein Friesian cattle. Minor-

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Satisfaction guaranteed. Returnable.

LILLASIDE FARM, Greenville, Maine.

SEED POTATOES IN SACKS. Gen. of

Aroostook, \$2.00 per bushel. Over

of bushel, \$1.50. Com. Gen. Gen-

team, \$1.00. J. A. SNOW, Pownal, Me.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—White Wy-

and Rhode Island Reds and Partridge

Cochins. Prolific laying, large brown egg

hens, \$1.00. E. L. RICHARDSON, Wiscasset, Me. 1918

WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS exclusively.

High scoring, prolific layers. Winners

W. H. MURTY, South Berwick, Me. 1916

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Business Opportunity.

Two Cash Stores for sale. One at Cedar

Grove, one at South Gardiner. Satisfaction

guaranteed for selling; business can be inspected;

will reduce stock of groceries, grain, meat,

hardware, tin and other goods, to suit.

DINGLEY & DECKER, GARDINER, ME.

SEED POTATOES

GROWN ON NEW LAND,

FROM THE AROOSTOOK STOCK

New Quality, the best \$1.00 per bushel.

Early Harvest, the earliest \$1.00 per bushel.

Large bushels, \$2.00 per bushel.

The new, nice, best yielder on the

market. Yield with me. R. D. HILL, 2065

Primes. Call or Address: R. D. HILL, 2065

Primes Egg case illustrated circular and

price list free. Agent Wanted. E. A.

Purcell, Ayer Junction, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to make up in my warehouse I

shall for a limited time have

Cultivators, Harrows, Horse Rakes, Mowers,

etc. will pay you to work for your

own wants and get my price. Hand Cultivator, speciality low. FRED ATWOOD,

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Spring Unlocks

The Flowers

To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would

allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now

Nature and people are much alike; the former must have

sunshine, latter must have

pure blood in order to have

perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood

troubles of all sorts. It is to the

human system what sunshine is to

Nature—the destroyer of disease

germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood—The doctor said there

were not seven drops of good blood in my

body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up

and made me strong as well. Susie E. Brown,

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troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and

inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism,

etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite,

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acted like magic. I am now cured. N.

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Rheumatism—My husband is

obliged to give up work on account of

rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used

Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently

cured him. It cured my daughter of

catarrh. I give it to the children with good

results. Mrs. J. S. McMath, Stamford, Ct.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints**

Hood's Pills cure liver lues, the non-irritating and cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JAPAN PLUMS. Large stock. Best variety. Prices low. A. Sweet Nursery Co., Box 1966, Danville, N. Y.

CZAR.

Fall brother to HALEY, 18 hands high, bay, very handsome. Will breed him to a good mare at \$100 by season. Will warrant him to beat 2.30 and 3.00. He fails to go in 2.30 or 3.00. I will give them the service fee; but if he does the trick they must pay me \$25.00. Call at my farm and see him out. I have never broken this year. E. P. Hayes at owner's risk.

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS.

By JOHN MACKIE.

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PREFACE.

As it is a far cry from the Great Lone Land of North America to the lonelier Never-Never of tropical Australia, perhaps it may be as well to say something explanatory. In my wayward youth, when necessity and an irrepressible love of adventure made me a wanderer in strange places, I figured in a humble way as a pioneer of civilization in the wild country it has been my endeavor to describe in these pages. I was the first white man to build a house and settle on the Van Alphen river in the far northern territory, and it was there I supported life for weeks together on crows, hawks, snakes and currajong roots. That was before I became, among other things, a gold digger in Queensland and a mounted policeman on the frontier in North America.

JOHN MACKIE.

London.

CHAPTER I.

KILLED BY THE BLACKS.

In July 1885, I was "down on my luck" and a wanderer in the wild Never-Never of tropical Australia, by the comparatively unpeopled shores of the Carpenterian gulf. But, though midwinter in that land of topey turkeys, the thermometer stood all day at 90 in the shade, and the relentless sun blazed down like a ball of fire from a cloudless, steel blue sky.

This was the year of perhaps the greatest gold rush that Australia had ever seen since gold had first been discovered on the island continent, and I, Richard Parker, commonly called Dick, your humble servant, by a remarkable accident was false to the traditions of a never failing bad luck for once in not being one of its victims. When the discovery of gold was reported in the unexplored Kimberley district in Western Australia and the cry went up that the veritable land of Ophir had been found at last, from every spot on earth where nomadic man wrests a living from Mother Earth men flocked to the new El Dorado.

Gold diggers are like sheep: let one of them start out for a "duffer" rush, and all the others will follow him blindly.

My mate Jack and I were on our way to this rush. But at the time of which I write had I possessed all the gold in Australia it would have been gladly given by me in exchange for a drink of water, a sedative, an opiate, or anything that would have soothed or sent me to sleep forever; for my body was in the clutches of that demon of the gulf, the fever and ague! and yet, there—with in a hundred yards of me—was the creek which I could not reach. My body was consumed by a fierce heat which even water could not cool, and my head was a chaos of wild, insane fancies—a prey to the morbid imaginings of my own wretched self.

My comrade, Jack Tyndall, had left camp shortly before me to look for the horses. I could see and hear, but could not properly understand nor think, far less act. My delusions, born of the delirium, were painfully vivid. But a laughing jackass with its loud, absurd cackle called my wandering senses to the fact that some one was coming along the trail. It was a swagman; he was tall and dark, and, at first sight, so like Jack that had it been possible for me to have moved or called, I would most assuredly have sung out to him; as it was, I lay in a sort of trance. From my shaded vantage ground he could be seen plainly enough: a typical swagman, not different from thousands of others one may see all over Australia. He passed within 60 yards from where I lay, trudging along wearily, looking neither to the right nor left.

When he had gone some 50 yards farther, past that part of the trail opposite me, he threw down his swag under a great shady bloodwood tree.

I must have gone to sleep again for, when I awoke to my surroundings, I was in a strange drama was being enacted before my eyes. There was such an air of unreality about it all that I fancied myself the victim of some optical illusion, and therefore did not act with that promptness the occasion called for.

He sat under the shade of a tree, reading. Before him was a small fire, upon which his billy rested. He had taken off his boots and hat and was enjoying a pipe. But behind the tree against which he leaned was a naked black fellow.

The swagman, who had been watching him, had taken off his coat and was holding it over his head. So motionless was he that he might have been sick, he might have been our guest now instead of us being his. And, look here, old chap, take a big dose of fever cure, now that the fever has left you. After a bit you can have a pan of tea. It's no use asking you to eat anything just now, but I'll put on some dried apples and rice, and maybe in a few hours' time you'll be able to peck a little. In the meantime lie down and try to get some sleep. I'll keep a lookout. I want a big smoke and a good think anyhow. Lie down and get some sleep," he repeated.

I rolled myself in my blanket on a clear spot some little distance from the fire. Then, what with the exhaustion caused by the fever and the abatement of the excitement, I was soon in a deep sleep.

It may have been only a few minutes later when I awoke with a start.

"Jack," I cried, "it must be close on morning now. You've let me lie too long. Listen, don't you hear anything?"

There was no mistaking the sound. It was the deep, full tone of a "bullfrog" bell. Judging from its wavering, mellow pitch, it must have been about three miles distant.

"That's lucky," said Jack. "Somebody traveling. Can't be with bullocks or we'd have passed them. Must be horses. You see, it's 18 miles from the last water. They've only been able to make half the distance and have turned out. They'll come on first thing in the morning. Lucky for us if they have tools in the wagon, for then we can dig a decent grave. They will be here shortly after daybreak, you'll see."

"Now, Jack, turn in," I insisted.

"You've got to rest, you know." Then we lifted the blanket from off the corpse. Perhaps I never saw a more peaceful look upon the face of any one who had died by violence than I saw on the face of this man. Whatever may have been his restless passions once upon a time they had now forsaken the clay, and there was no expression there save that of the pristine innocence of the child. I had seen many funerals at sea, when those whom I knew well were committed to the deep, and fully realized the solemnity of the situation, but there was something tragic about the fate of him who lay in the sheet of bark, now folded round his poor, blood stained body, that was unspeakably pathetic.

Then, as the squatter said, looking sadly on his face, a handsome fellow. Then we examined his possessions.

In the small pouch attached to his belt we found a plain silver watch, in his trousers pecked some silver, and two £5 notes in an old purse. The squatter untied a small parcel wrapped in oil-cloth and looked at a packet of letters; he read the addresses on one or two of

them and the upraised arm of a black fellow dropped helpless by his side. And now could be heard the dull thud of hoofs as a horseman came galloping through the sandy scrub. I looked around, but need not have been surprised, as Jack, mounted on old Eclipse, dashed up. This settled the matter. The stand these savages made was but a poor one. I received a smart rap on the shoulder that knocked me over as cleanly as a ninepin, and Jack's horse was speared in the neck. Jack, however, charged in upon them with such effect that before I could get on my legs again, they scuttled off like so many ignamas to a belt of scrub, into which they dived, and that was the last we saw of them. It was useless trying to follow.

"The deuce takes such visitors! Dick!" was my mate's characteristic speech, as jumping from his horse he extricated the stone spearhead from its neck—Indeed, not a dangerous wound. This done, he was turning his attention to me, when, seeing the prostrate form of the swagman, his manner changed. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "That chap's done for!"

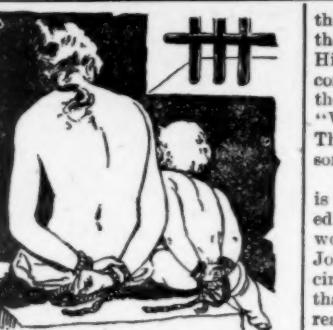
On the ground, face downward, with outstretched arms, and the cruel spear still protruding from his back, was the hapless white man, his old gray shirt stained with his lifeblood. He had camped for the last time.

I never knew any one who could act so quickly and know just exactly how to do the right thing as Jack. With a quick, steady hand he broke off the spear within six inches of the wound, so that he could turn the poor fellow over. But just before Jack caught hold of his body and I took the feet he tore

the envelope and seemed surprised; then he examined the correspondence. His face was a study now: the deepest concern and astonishment were depicted there. I heard Jack ejaculate hoarsely "Well!" but his face was averted. Then the squatter, in his quiet but somewhat formal way, said:

"This man, I learn from these letters, is the son of one whom once I considered my friend. His mother and my sister were at school together. His name is John Farquharson. Perhaps, under the circumstances, I may as well tell you that only a few years ago he had every reason to consider himself independent, but on the death of his father a sorry state of affairs transpired and he found himself penniless. I had heard about his misfortunes, and was aware that he intended emigrating to Australia. Then his mother wrote to me to the effect that she had extracted from him a reluctant promise that he would come to one of my stations.

There were some remote prospects of



more. Within a year or two, such is the changing nature of all things tropical, even the place where he slept would be a matter of conjecture. Perhaps the fever had made me somewhat fanciful, for I remember it flashed upon me suddenly what a strange spice of mockery there was in this burial after all. If I were not dreaming the night before—and I was half inclined to think I had been, or that it was some trick of the brain arising from the fever—I had seen Jack take from this man what simply obliterated his identity and left him with that which gave him a false face. He was being buried under the name of a man who at that moment was assisting at his burial. For I could not but suppose that my mate Jack was the same John Farquharson to whom the letters which the squatter had taken from the corpse had been addressed, and who for some reason or other wished to be forgotten by the world. He had seized upon the present opportunity of accomplishing his purpose to be considered as dead. The name which I had known him under, that of Jack Tyndall, was, of course, a false one. Still I could not be angry with Jack. "Speak of a man as you find him" is not only a charitable but a just maxim. I had never met with a more straightforward than that. Now that I look at him, I see the family resemblance—but I can see the name beyond a doubt."

"The elder of the two women was now crying silently. One could not but observe them. The younger of the two had placed her arm round the other's waist and held one of her hands as if to comfort her, although her own eyes were undoubtedly dimmed. It was evident she was averse to betraying her feelings.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust"—And in a few minutes all was over.

The women went back to their camp, and the squatter, with his own hands, cut four strong posts and placed them at the corners of the newly made grave. He also cut out the bark of the tree the name "J. Farquharson," and the date, "July, 1883." "I'll get an iron plate made in Sydney and have it sent to be placed over the grave," he said.

"I'll send Savile along to give you a hand," remarked the squatter and went over to his own camp.

We chose a dry, sandy spot for the grave and Jack, taking the shovel in his hands, worked steadily. Then Savile came, a great strapping, quiet looking individual, with a round, good natured face. He took the shovel forcibly from Jack, who was too much astonished at this summary mode of procedure to express dissent. "You sit down, mate," he cried to me; "you're not looking too spic'y." He had been groping aimlessly around. To Jack he said: "Well, if you will work, you can get a sheet of bark. I've got some rope"—this for the brush coffin.

In less than an hour's time everything was ready. Then we placed the supposed John Farquharson on the sheet of bark ready to be rolled round his poor body when we lowered it into the grave, and now we saw Mackenzie of Tarragon coming among the trees, accompanied by his daughter, a girl who I supposed would be about 19 years of age, and with her a fair, fresh, pleasant woman who was evidently some few years older.

For a year or two I had not seen many women. In fact, they were few and far between in that gulf country, and such women as there were—well, the less said about some of them the better. It was little wonder therefore that Norah Mackenzie—I had heard her father mention her name—should have filled me with a peculiar interest. She was slightly built and wore a well fitting riding habit that suited her neat, trim figure to perfection. On her head was a gray, broad brimmed felt hat, caught up at one side and held by a small old fashioned Celtic silver brooch.

"It's all up with him," said Jack in an awed voice, as he instinctively took off his hat.

Although the attack of fever was fast leaving me, I was weaker than a kitten and staggered to my feet.

"Sit down to the grass, Dick," said my mate. "There's no fear of the negroes coming back, but keep a lookout anyhow." Then we lifted the dead man tenderly, and turned him over on his back so that we might see his face. I gave a little cry and looked at Jack. Jack had struck me had evidently struck him too. The deceased was literally speaking, alas, the dead image of Jack!

CHAPTER II.

LOST, AN IDENTITY.

Jack came with the horses and hobbled them out, remarking: "When you're in nigger country, they say you shouldn't hobble horses—it spoils their chances of getting away if the negroes come after them; but considering what has occurred, I'll risk it—shan't have much time to go horse hunting in the morning, you see."

The murdered man's billy was now boiling on the fire. I was about to lift it off and put on our own, when Jack stopped me.

"Leave it where it is," he said. "I'll put in the tea. What was good enough for him is good enough for us. He won't have lighted that fire for nothing."

"Jack, just think, if I hadn't been after those confounded horses and you had not been sick, he might have been our guest now instead of us being his. And, look here, old chap, take a big dose of fever cure, now that the fever has left you. After a bit you can have a pan of tea. It's no use asking you to eat anything just now, but I'll put on some dried apples and rice, and maybe in a few hours' time you'll be able to peck a little. In the meantime lie down and try to get some sleep. I'll keep a lookout. I want a big smoke and a good think anyhow. Lie down and get some sleep," he repeated.

As soon as he had gone Jack jumped up. "Good morning, Dick!" he said. "I've had a good sleep!"

After the usual wash—when there was water enough to have one—we had the never varying breakfast, which was barely finished when crack, crack! and with a jingle and a rattle up came a covered in wagon with six horses dragging it. A couple of men rode alongside, while two black boys, in blue serges and white slouch hats, came behind, driving some sparse horses. They drove off the track and cut away among the trees, driving out a couple of hundred yards or so from our camp.

A few hundred yards behind came the squatter and his daughter. I could see that the horses which they rode were vastly superior to those generally used in the gulf, albeit some of the gulf horses showed a breeding that made the inquiring mind speculate as to how they ever came into the hands of the men who ostensibly owned them.

The swagman, who had been watching him, had taken off his coat and was holding it over his head. So motionless was he that he might have been sick, he might have been our guest now instead of us being his. And, look here, old chap, take a big dose of fever cure, now that the fever has left you. After a bit you can have a pan of tea. It's no use asking you to eat anything just now, but I'll put on some dried apples and rice, and maybe in a few hours' time you'll be able to peck a little. In the meantime lie down and try to get some sleep. I'll keep a lookout. I want a big smoke and a good think anyhow. Lie down and get some sleep," he repeated.

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Grange News.

Maine State Grange.
State Master,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
State Overseer,
F. S. ADAMS, Bowdoin.
State Lecturer,
ELIJAH COOK, Vassalboro.
State Secretary,
E. H. LINBY, 100 Main Street, Dirdico, P. O.
Executive Committee,
OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
E. H. LINBY, Auburn.
Hon. B. F. BRIGGS, Auburn.
L. W. JONES, Dexter.
D. O. BOWEN, Morrill.
BOYDEN BRACE, East Eddington.
JOHN G. GARDNER, Gorham.

April 12—Kennebec Pomona, Winthrop.
April 22—Penobscot Pomona, Kenduskeag.
April 20—York Pomona, Buxton.
April 21—Waldo Pomona, Burnham.
State Lecturer's Appointments.

Victor grange, Fairfield, has added 22 to its active membership during the past two months.

G. M. Twitchell will deliver his lecture "The Citizen of Tomorrow" before the members of East Wilton grange, Saturday afternoon, April 8. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the order to be present.

The State has few more active workers in grange ranks than Bro. Abel Holoway, Skowhegan. On Monday evening he organized a new grange at Detroit with thirty-five charter members and on Wednesday another at Bridgton, Cumberland Co., with fifty members. He reports a decided grange revival in Cumberland county.

Whereas, The All-wise Father has called one from our number, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Varney, we, the members of the grange, the family a kind and loving wife and mother, and the community a devoted, Christian friend of whom we are sorry, we do hereby extend our sympathies to a high and noble life. Be it further,

Resolved, That we extend our deepest and most sincere sympathy to the bereaved husband and family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be copied upon our records, one to be sent to Bro. Vanney and family, also to the Maine Farmer and Northern Star, and to the Maine Farmer and Northern Star, Committees on Jennie Muncey, Resolutions.

St Albans grange, No. 114, of St. Albans, has passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from this life to the life eternal our brother and worthy charter member, N. H. Dillingham, who was a long and honored member of the order, over ready with an encouraging word or a helping hand in time of need, and a leader in the work of the order.

Resolved, That we realize that "Death is but the door that opens to a larger life." We mourn the loss of our brother; one more has been left us around us; but the grange has sustained a great loss; a brother who was always good, a man of great worth, a brother who always tried to do a kind act to all; and one that leaves a large circle of friends to mourn his sudden death; one that all will miss and never be forgotten by his townsmen.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their affliction and would point them to the Allwise Being, who alone is able to give comfort and consolation in the loss of a loved one.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family as an expression of our sympathy.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for 30 days, and in further testimony of our sympathy, we will copy these resolutions inscribed upon our records, also sent to the Bangor Weekly Commercial and Maine Farmer.

S. H. GOODWIN, on FRED LUCAS, Resolutions.

Resolutions were also adopted by the Union Farmers, composed of Exeter, St. Albans, North Newport, Pittfield, Twilight, Palmyra, Dexter and St. Albans granges.

On account of the storm the meeting of Somerset Pomona called with Kennebec Valley grange, Madison, Feb. 14, was postponed and now a special has been called at the same place April 11, at ten o'clock. Programme: First, opening exercises; 2nd, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, of welcome; 9th, M. A. C. A. A. A. of Kennebec Valley grange; response by Mrs. Maria E. Hilton of Starks grange; 4th, paper by Mrs. Dianomore of Kennebec Valley grange; 5th, song by Mrs. Emma Dunton of Skowhegan; 6th, "What effect will the tendency for club life, of young men and young women, have upon the old-fashioned New England home?" Discussed with a paper by Mrs. M. A. Burton, of Aroostook and continued by the grange. "The song by Mrs. Willis, "Eunice of Anson; 8th, "With six States trying to nominate their U. S. Senators does it not prove that they should be nominated by a direct vote of the people?" To be opened with a paper by Hon. T. D. Salley of Madison, and discussed by the grange. Address by Hon. Alonzo Smith, Cornville. Remarks by Mr. McKinley of Madison, and at the call of the grange. The electric will furnish tickets, Norridgewock to Skowhegan and return, 12c; Skowhegan to Madison and return, 25c.

MEETING OF WALDO COUNTY GRANGE.

Waldo County pomona grange met, March 21st, with Comet grange, Swanville. The weather and travelling were fine, the attendance good. The officers were all present except Kate Keeler and Ceres. The grange was opened in form in the fifth degree. A class of 30 was instructed in the fifth degree. Eleven granges were represented. The afternoon session was made public. A fine address of welcome was given by Louise Cunningham and a pleasant response by A. Stinson. The topic, "What are the requisites of a happy home?" was discussed by a large number. Some thought to live happy a person must be born with a happy, contented nature; others thought the training of youth had a great deal to do with it. The discussion mostly was of a humorous nature. Comet grange furnished the recreation programme: Music by choir; recitation by Hattie Phillips; song by A. H. Ellis, who was encored and responded with another song; declamation by A. F. Nickerson; recitation by Cleaves; recitation by Mrs. Goodwin; song by Alice Nickerson; dream by H. P. White; recitation, Margaret Billings.

The next meeting will be with Sebasti-cook grange, Burnham, April 25, with the following programme: Opening exercises; conferring fifth degree; report of granges; appointment of committees; remarks for good of the order. Noon recess. Music by choir; recitation by E. N. Muncey; response by B. F. Foster; topic, "Are the experiments of the board of agriculture excessive according to the benefits derived from it?" to be opened by J. G. Harding; the rest of the programme to be furnished by Sebasti-cook grange. C. A. L.

SAGADAHOC POMONA.

Pomona met with Topsham grange, Wednesday, March 20, with a large number of the bad weather, sickness in several families, &c., only 80 were present. Had everything proved favorable no doubt a good number would have turned out. Topsham grange has just purchased a fine piano and this added to the entertainment. The Worthy Master was not present, but now as before Weston Willis acted as master. The first question was "What is the most economical farm fence and what is the cost per rod?" answered by Fred Wright who thought

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

persistently seek to lower our standard and trail our banner in the dust.

Sister and brothers, we can never raise our standard higher. We can never have too exalted ideas of our fraternity. We can never do too much in lifting the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry to that advanced position its noble founders designed it should reach when in the years long since gone, they laid broad and deep its corner stone.

THE GRANGE AND EDUCATION.

barked wire best, said it could be built for fourteen cents per rod. Elsie Marshall then gave a recitation to the satisfaction of all. "Is the cream separator a practical labor saver for the farm housewife?" Mrs. Geo. Mallett thought it was as it saved handling the milk more than once. E. C. Patten thought it not advisable for all farmers to purchase, as it was a very good idea, though the price was not so high. A committee was appointed with Lester York as chairman, to make out a program for the next meeting and as soon as was then announced, Pomona adjourned for the noon recess of an hour and a half.

Promptly at the appointed time Worthy Master's gavel descended and the business of the day was resumed.

After music by the choir a paper was read by C. E. Holyoke of Brewer. The subject was "Self Respect." Think well of yourself and act as you will think well of you was the advice given.

A class of 20 were impressively obliged in the work of the 5th degree.

The high school is now regarded as the starting point for a "popular" education and all who cannot go there feel as if they were dwarfed and ruled out in the beginning, and those who do go feel as if the very fact that they had to go away from home to get an education places them a notch above those who did not go, and that it would be stepping down for them to go back to the kitchen and the farm. Our best educational leaders are leaving town to go to the shop and the home. The present condition of our government, the character of the men in influential positions and the policy into which they are urging the nation, are the results of this system which makes education depend on wealth or accident of residence rather than on natural ability. In spite of the grange and all its boasts, in the very fact of the fact that popular education and its rights and privileges are not the leading objects of the organization, we are drifting backward and the lines of classification are being drawn where the stakes are set under this policy of concentration and social ostracism.

What is needed for the resurrection and salvation of our rural communities is an educational system that will wipe out the ignorance as to where the education started. That is to make the learning gained in the little country school as good as far as it goes and as satisfactory to the pupil and as acceptable to the world in general as that which is sandwiched in among the ball games and other carousals of so-called "higher" institutions.

Just as long as young people in the country are, by their surroundings and example, made fit for the country and the home and the conditions afford the lower stepping stones of existence, just so long the farms will be left to run down in the hands of the fathers and mothers, and the young people will rush to disappointment or ruin in the cities.

Give us back the conditions under which a child whose body is maturing faster than his mind can do his best and the results of his education will be far better.

The horse market is well patronized and good sales effected. The trade continues good on good class of horses, and sales from \$125@22s. Heavy horses for truck work, active, at \$175@22s; common horses anywhere from \$70@100 a head.

Live poultry a little lower now than last year; sales at 10s@11s lb.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

Thompson & Hansen sold 5 choice

minicows at \$50 a head. P. A.

Baldwin sold 12 at 42s@44s.

W. H. M. Lowe sold 1 fancy Holstein new

cow, an exceptionally nice cow, at better

than \$70, and sales at \$38@40. M. D.

Holt & Son sold 75 calves averaging 110

lbs. at 6s. P. A. Berry sold 40 calves at 51s@52c. J. Stanley sold his calves at 41s@42c. H. Harris & Sons sold 120

calves at 120 lbs. at 53c. E. A. Robinson sold 2 x 2 of 3000 lbs. at 5c; 2 of 3000 lbs., 2 to 2600 lbs. at 2 to 2500 lbs. and 2 of 3370 lbs. at 5c lb.

REMARKS.

Dealers in milch cows at Brighton seem

to be well pleased with the present

facilities for selling; the new building

of the market is a great addition to

the value of the market.

Give us back the honest sports in

which boys played ball for amusement

and not for money, when play was innocent and exhilarating instead of being more dangerous than war; when a game was forgotten as soon as it was over and not planned for weeks before hand.

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